

Best of All Possible Worlds

Kris Kristofferson

I was runnin' through the summer rain tryin' to catch the evenin'
n' train
And kill that old familiar pain weevin' through my tangled brain
When I tipped my bottle back I smacked into a cop I didn't see
That policeman said Mr Cool if you're ain't drunk then you're a fool
I said if that's against the law tell me why I never saw
A man locked in that jail of yours who wadn't just as lowdown poor as me
Well that was when someone turned out the lights
And I wound up in jail to spend the night
And dream of all the wine and lonely girls in this best of all possible worlds

Well I woke up next morning feelin' like my head was gone
And like my thick old tongue was lickin' somethin' sick and wrong
And I told that man I'd sell my soul if somethin' wet and cold is that old cell
That kindly jailer grinned at me all eaten up with sympathy
Then bought himself another beer and came and whispered in my ear
That booze was just a dime a bottle boy you couldn't even buy the smell
I said I knew there was somethin' I liked about this town
But it takes more than that to bring me down down down
Cause there's still a lot of wine and lonely girls in this best of all possible worlds

Well they finally came and told me they was a gonna set me free
And I'd be leavin' town if I knew what was good for me
I said it's nice to learn that everybody's so concerned about my health
I said I won't be leavin' no more quicker than I can
Cause I've enjoyed about this much of this as I can stand
And I don't need this town of yours more than I've never needed nothing else
Cause there's still a lotta drinks that I ain't drunk
Lots of pretty thoughts that I ain't thought oh yeah
Lord there's still so many lonely girls in this best of all possible worlds